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GUACANAGARI	PONTIAC	BLACK HAWK
MONTEZUMA	CAPTAIN PIPE	KEOKUK
GUATIMOTZIN	LOGAN	SACAGAWEA
POWHATAN	CORNPLANTER	BENITO JUAREZ
POCAHONTAS	JOSEPH BRANT	MANGUS
SAMOSET	RED JACKET	COLORADAS
MASSASOIT	LITTLE TURTLE	LITTLE CROW
KING PHILIP	TECUMSEH	SITTING BULL
UNCAS	OSCEOLA	CHIEF JOSEPH
TEDYUSKUNG	SEQUOYA	GERONIMO
	SHABONEE	



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1903.

# CALIFORNIA 49ER.

CAPT. GEO. S. McKNIGHT'S  
travels from Perrysburg to  
California and through the Mines;  
Was eight months making the trip  
by Land and Water; Terrible suffering  
from Water on the trip; Was left in  
the Sierra Madre Mountains to choke  
to death; Was Ship-wrecked at  
Mazatlan, Mexico, twenty-six of our  
party drowned, etc., etc.—Found  
thirteen of their bodies and buried  
them on Cristole Mountain before  
we left.

Price,  
50c.

PUBLISHED BY  
CAPT. GEO. S. McKNIGHT,  
Perrysburg, Ohio.



# CALIFORNIA 49ER.

By GEO. S. McKNIGHT,

TRAVELS FROM  
PERRYSBURG  
TO  
CALIFORNIA.





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## A Perrysburg 49's Trip to California.



LEFT Perrysburg February 26, 1849, in company with A. H. Carpenter, Sylvester Johnson, Alf Spafford, Geo. Clark and myself, five of us, to pile up gold on the Atlantic Slope. We did not all pile. We went from here to Cincinnati. There we took a steamer for New Orleans. We were nine days making the trip, but lived high on mush and milk, baked 'posum, strawberries and cream, blue point oysters on half shell and elephant pot-pie, etc., etc. We were in New Orleans five days and took in all the

sights. We then took an iron steamer for Galveston, Texas. While there met Esau Stone. There five days. Then took a smaller steamer across the head of the gulf and landed at Indianola, Texas, went across country by land to San Antonio, walked twenty-five miles first day and got the foot rot. I concluded I would not carry a horse in my pocket and go without feet, so I bought me a Mexican Mustang, and he was a clipper. We remained at San Antonio one month. We bought twenty-five wild mules that never had a string on and had to break them to pack. Any of them could kick a fly off either ear when you were riding them; hired a mulatto to help break them. It was fun, but almost death to some of us. One of them kicked Johnson 47 feet, across a creek, and never touched the water. While at Cincinnati we joined twenty men from Defiance, Charles Spuker, Geo. Evans, Lobinhamer, Nat Evans, Parker and others. Then we were 25 strong, and called

the Defiance Co., and had bought provisions in Cincinnati to last us to California, 60½ barrels—pork, chests of tea, bags of coffee, 50 barrels hard tack and other things in proportion. Now, what an idea of packing this stuff 3,000 miles on a mule's back; we found the fools were not all dead yet. First payment, \$80 apiece.

I was seven months and three weeks making the trip and got to San Francisco broke and \$7.00 out. The first time we packed our mules they stampeded and scattered our grub for 50 miles over the country, in a pouring rain. Took us a week to pick up for another start. Traded our barrels of hard tack in San Antonio for sow belly. We had an election all one day. O. H. Carpenter was elected captain and your humble servant lieutenant. Had to go through that country in military order and had guards out every night on account of Indians, as we traveled right through the Apache and Comanche Indian country, two of the worst tribes there are to fight. They stand up and fight like a white man. One day we were traveling along a natural road and thick with low trees. We were scattered about a mile apart and a company of Texans were just behind us. We came on 25 Comanche chiefs in the road just ahead of us and had up a black flag. As the men came up I had them dismount and form a line across the road. Those behind came rushing up, and Mr. Indians got out of the road to one side and raised a white flag. I had hard work to keep Alf Spafford from shooting. He was bound to kill an Indian. Carpenter, Guide and myself went over to them; asked them if they wanted to fight. Said no; they wanted Panola and tobacco. I went over and got what the boys had to spare. Their chief's name was Bulls

Heart. All well mounted, stark naked and painted for war; had horse hair braid in their hair hung to the ground, pleated with silver, and piles of poisoned arrows on their backs.

Old BullsHeart thought I was some in a bull fight. I had a seven-shooting rifle and a navy revolver and a dirk knife two feet long. He wanted to look at my gun, but hands off. Then I told our guide to tell them to vamoose; that means leave. They talked Spanish, got on their horses and left like a shot. We expected trouble that night; had double guards out, but they did not come. We were good for 500 and wanted a little fun. They did not want to borrow our dray, few days' travel. Geo. Clark, Evans and one other man left us and returned home. Did not like Indians, I guess. We traveled on until we came to a silver mining town, Starza. Were there 10 days; here we found an American, De Long, running a silver mine. He told us if we could go up the bed of a dry river 100 miles we would come out on a plain and have good roads balance of our trip. We sent ten men up this river bed. The Texas Co. of 100 strong had been traveling in company with us; had fifteen wagons. The men returned and said we could go up the river, but would be hard on the wagons; traveled over round stone all the way and we found it so; had to follow wagons to keep the tire on. After going through this pass the first day's travel we stopped on a mountain 3,000 feet high, nearly perpendicular. We tied all ropes together and undertook to let a wagon down. It went to the bottom in oven wood; then they unhitched and left the remaining fourteen wagons standing. Commenced packing. Finally got down the mountain. Then getting very dry and could find no water, traveled after dark and finally found a slough hole;

drank the water; was bitter and nasty, but it was wet. In the morning found three dead mules in it and the hair just began to slip nicely. However, made good coffee of it, after straining the hair out. Then traveled 16 leagues, 48 miles, before we found water again, in the side of a mountain. Dr. Long hired a guide to take us to a certain point some 300 miles further. We paid Long the \$300 guide money. When we struck the mountain we held a council of war to send back a man to shoot Long. A wagon was worth \$500 in that country and he knew he would get them all after we left. As the spring in the mountain run very slow we had to dip it with a tin cup—and all wanted to get water at once for 125 men and 300 horses and mules.

Came very near having a meeting, knives and pistols were drawn. Col. Ward made a speech to us and formed us into companies of ten. Each company to have charge of the spring three hours. Watched it day and night. Took us three days to water ourselves and mules. About fifty of us filled our gourds and started in. Our guide told us we would find water about twenty leagues a head. When we got there, there was cracks in the ground one foot wide and no water. We used our last water there, then commenced the tug of war. Our guide told us we would find water in thirty leagues further by digging in the sand. Was there lost in the Sierra Madre mountains. Our guide was lost and did not know where the water was. He was troubled in his mind and cried a good deal as some of the Texans talked of shooting him. We all split up in crowds of from five, ten and twenty looking for water. O. H. Carpenter found where the ground looked a

little moist. He lay down and rooted the ground like a hog but found no water.

I was nearly choked, my tongue was black and hung out of my mouth. I fell off my horse and he lay down on my feet. While I lay there, temperature about ninety, five men came along. They had no time to stop and trade jack-knives, but kept right on as fast as they could walk, talked to me as they passed by. One of them said, Mack get up and try it again, but I could not get up. They said they never expected to see me again. The ground was thick with Spanish daggers about three inches long and one inch of a black thorn on the end. They cut our horses in the fetterlock so you could trace them by the blood. A man could not walk over them without boots on. Everything in that country had thorns on but the women and don't know but they did. I had a gray mule and the best one in the train of 300. He was the first one to find water by digging one foot in the sand. Had I been on him, I would have been the first man to water. I fell off my horse ten miles from where we found water. A man by the name of McKinley fell off his horse eighty rods beyond. Mc. and Dr. Bonnell came back and staid with us all night. He gave me about three swallows of water out of a gourd and when he took it away I scratched both of his hands until the blood ran. I was crazy for water. Next morning he got us on our horses and we went to camp. He staid with us three days in a tent before he would let us drink what water we wanted. Then I commenced getting hungry and cooked and ate for three days all the time. Got up nights and ate sow belly, hard tack and coffee. Had no strawberries and cream there, I guess not. We staid there ten days to recruit men and horses, then we moved

ten miles to the Alamode, a running stream and good grass. Here we staid fifteen days. A large tribe of the Comanche Indians was camped here. When we were at the other camp they took good care to keep out of our sight. We had become desperate and could of whipped 1,000 of them. Our men and stock both were badly used up. One day I went out from camp one mile and picketed my horse and mule to feed. While there I saw some one coming, did not know whether he was a white man or Indian. I drew my gun on him and halted him. He was Dr. Andrews, one of our crowd, who got lost. I took down my gun and took him into camp. He was the worst looking man I ever saw and was nearly naked. His pants were all gone up to his knees, wore off by shaperell he had traveled through, and was completely tired out. He and a man by the name of Lynch got lost from our crowd hunting for water; was lost in the Sierra Madre Mountains; was missing for several days. Lynch and he got separated and had not seen him for five days. Lynch probably got choked to death or was killed by the Indians. The doctor got on our trail and followed us into camp. He had traded guns three or four times on our trail. We had thrown away a good deal of stuff to lighten our load; did not carry any extra log chains, etc., etc. Now, if any person had told me before I started what I would have to go through on the trip I would not have believed it. nor I never would have started. but when you come right down to hard pan and trials, a man can stand more hardship than any mule. We lost three of the best mules we had—choked to death. A mule will find water in time like that quicker than any man; they can smell it.

After the men and our stock got rested, we left the Ala-

mede of running water and we started on our way rejoicing. After traveling four days we struck a Mexican town called Mary Kita, a woman's name. Another name for a woman is Jesus Mariah. There we found we were out of flour, and so was the town. We were there eight days. They had wheat growing, but not ripe. They sent their women and children into the field and picked the ripe heads and ground it in a Mexican mill, which is a hole in the solid rock eight inches deep and use a long stone by hand to grind it into flour. Not very white or fine. They call it orena; better bread than our dust. They don't make bread as we do. They take a small chunk of dough and pat in their hands until very thin, then bake it on a hot tin before the fire. They call them tortiers, and they are fine. I have sat beside an old Mexican woman for an hour at a time, with others; and paid a claco a cake as fast as she could bake them. A claco in their money is three cents, and not good only in their own state. They had fandangoes for us every night; danced on the ground—lots of as pretty Mexican girls as you ever saw—it was immense. I have missed one dry spell and my big snake story. We traveled all one day and till after dark and, very dry, we came to a mud pond. We rushed in to get a drink. It was bitter and wet, but it had hairs in it. The boys said no, but I can tell hairs from pollywogs. Next morning I went down to the hole to get water and I found three dead mules mired and dead and the hair just began to slip nicely. I strained some with my saddle cloth and made coffee of it. It was bully coffee. We had other dry times, but lived through them. We were traveling one very hot day, temperature up to 120 in the shade. We came to the largest live oak I ever saw. I think

it covered an acre of ground. We rode into the shade, got off our horses, and in this shade was a terrible big log; could not see either end of it. We got straddle of this log and got our lunch bag, to take a lunch. I cut off a piece of dried meat and stuck my bowie knife in the log and it scinged a little. I said nothing about it, and after a while I jabbed in the log again and it did move a little. We all got off and lined up along side the log and it made a slow move. We could not see its head or tail for the brush. After a while it got a move on, and when his tail came along he lifted it up and rang a big cow bell. Said I, that is a big snake, and he has swallowed a whole drove of cows. It took him three hours to get out of our sight. We thought he was about 300 feet long and the biggest snake we ever saw. (Next.)

After we left the water in the sand we came to Procido Del Nort, on the Rio Grande. There were 1,000 soldiers stationed there and a custom house. They put all our packs in there and examined them to see if we had anything contraband. We were all right. We then went on to Chihuahua, where we stayed one month. We met a guide; he told us we could not cross the Guyla river as it was four miles wide, on account of high water. Then most of us changed our route and all broke up. Some of our party went out hunting Indians. They got \$300.00 a scalp and all the mules and horses they took. I was not in the Indian fighting business. Two of our party had a fight with knives over a division of their provisions. We made a ring around them and no man was allowed to interfere. There was lots of navy revolvers drawn. They would step back six feet and then run together, and such cutting and slashing I never saw—both were killed. Don't



see much of that on the historic Maumee. We then split up in crowds from five to ten and fifteen and went to Durango, a very large city, 800 miles away. We traveled that distance in July. It was so hot we traveled that distance in the night; temperature 120 in the shade. You could see a man ten rods away by moonlight or read a newspaper by the light of the moon. When we arrived there were 500 dying a day with the cholera. We were there five days. I did not care any more about it than I do now. Chimes of bells ringing day and night, and carrying Priests around on platforms over head. When they passed by you had to take your hat off. When you are in Rome do as Rome does. One of our crowd would not take his hat off; they knocked him down, and I thought they would kill him. We had to interfere. Every man and woman you saw had a goose quill in their mouth filled with camphor. A fellow asked me what that was for. I told him, but can't tell you. He did not ask me any more questions. When we left the city there were 500 of the rich families left with us and went 100 miles in the mountains to stay. Every day had two mules to ride, one one day and one the next. We lived high as they divided with us. They had boxes and boxes of roasted spring chickens and everything that was good. We were sorry when they left us. We traveled through valleys in the mountains about one mile wide, and the ground was literally covered with thousands of flowers two and three feet high. We slept in these flowers every night, the prettiest bed I ever slept in, got up in the morning covered with New-mown Hay and Jocky Club, and smelt like a perfumery store. No dew, ground dry and warm. We always slept with our gun in our bed, and the most beautiful scenery you ever saw. Talk

about your vine-clad hills in Italy and France, they are no comparison to the mountain scenery in Mexico and California, or the Yellowstone Park. This beautiful scenery cannot be surpassed in any country—and Pike's Peak, cannot be beat in any country, where you can go up half way to heaven on a mule's back and crawl the rest of the way by holding on to the bushes. Jim Timmons was up there once, he was so long he did not have so far to crawl, and when you got to the top you had to breath through a section of fire hose to get your breath. The air was so light you could not stand it long, and very hard on the lungs. Now, go back to the mountain travel. When we got to the biggest mountain I ever saw, we had to travel on a shelf about twenty inches wide on the side of the mountain, 500 feet on one side straight up, and 1,000 feet on the other side. If a pack mule falls off they never go to look for him. I did not ride my mule for three days, I preferred walking. I had a safe-footed mule, a good saddle but no bridle on him, and when I said "whoa," he stopped dead still. He knew more about traveling on that shelf than I did, and was reliable. Two mules could not pass on that shelf—they had side tracks to pass. We met trains of pack mules of 100 in the train, they kept blowing bugle horns so as to side track and wait until they had passed. They packed all their goods from Mazatlan to Durango on mule trains. We traveled one day all day around a big mountain and only gained six miles, could see back where we left in the morning with a glass. It was the biggest mountain I ever went over in the coast range of mountains. We were nine days going over, but I enjoyed the trip. The horse and mule I rode to Durango could not go over these mountains, and their backs were very sore. I sold them

to a Mexican muleteer for \$10 a piece and gave him \$30 for a mule to ride and pack my sack. I went out to see him doctor the horse and mule's back. He took a knife blade in his fingers and cut from one sore into another sore. Then he took a powder and sprinkled it from one sore and where he had cut, then he turned them out to grass, and he said in three weeks their backs would be healed up and haired over as well as they ever were. I wanted him to tell me what he put on their backs—said no cary—he told me for \$2.00. He said he paid \$50.00 for the receipt. I will send this receipt to any farmer that works horses for \$2.00. I can take a span of horses with bad galled shoulders and cure him sound and work him every day—with this powder. From the mountains we traveled on and camped the last day within ten miles of Mazatlan, and ten of us thought we would ride into the city. Moon shone bright as day part of the way. Was on the sand beach of the Pacific Ocean. The tide was in and rode about two feet of water and commenced dropping into quicksand holes. The mule and man would go down and we had to pull them out. Every man but myself got down in the quicksand holes. They said now McK. you must take the lead as I had the longest legged horse. We arrived in Mazatlan at two o'clock in the morning. We went to a masoni—slept in one part and kept our horses in the other part. Surrounded by a six-foot stone wall, that is called a Mexican tavern. Eat where you please. We had in our crowd a Mr. Barnes, and Argus Barnes was a big gambler and had one hundred thousand dollars in gold doubloons he made in the City of Mexico during the war. He got into the quicksand and thought he

had lost his money, but when we got his mule out the money was all O. K. We had lots of fun in the sand.

We got to Mazatlan the first day of August, 1849, and left the last day. I must tell you about being shipwrecked on the ship Rolland, three hundred ton ship, three decks and three masts. She was a French ship—French captain and his wife, only I found out she was not his wife but very pretty. She was what you might call a grass widow of the fallen type, and a gay deceiver, but she could not deceive old hix. We left on the last day of August on a schooner Dose Meyus, meaning three friends in Spanish. Was thirty-six days going to San Francisco, had good fat fare, wormy beans, wormy hardtack, and for tea an herb that grew in Mexico.

We were becalmed a good deal and went within three days' sail of the Sandwich Islands to strike the trade winds. They blow six months east, then six months west. We met a ship from Boston going to San Francisco steering due west. We were going due east. Our compass was wrong—our captain spoke her by black board. He asked her to lay-to all night; he wanted to buy some provisions as we were about out of worms. He bought a cask of Boston hard bread, a chest of tea, a bag of coffee, etc., etc. One out of each mess went aboard visiting. Told them how we had been fed. They pitied us and went to work and got us up a good warm meal—corned beef, cabbage and everything that was good, and you ought to have seen us fellows eat liked to have killed us. When we went back to our boat they loaded us down with good things to eat. They gave for our mess of five men, ten pounds of corned beef, a big jar of pickles, three big plugs of tobacco,

pepper and vinegar, one pound of good tea, etc., etc. We lived like fighting cocks as long as it lasted, then we went back on the worm diet, but we would not stand it. They brought out the pan of wormy beans and bag of wormy hard-tack and the herb tea. One of our mess dumped the beans and pan overboard, then I dumped the bag of hard-tack into the Pacific ocean, then we came near having a mutiny on board. We made Col. Ward, one of my mess, spokesman. He told the captain to give us fresh hard-tack, beans, tea, etc., or we would get it ourselves. He said we could not have it until his provisions were used up. Things got pretty hot and he talked of shooting and went into the cabin and probably got a pistol and had more talk. Col. Ward told him he would give him thirty minutes to bring out fresh hard-tack, beans, etc., or we would fill him chuck full of lead and throw him overboard and get it ourselves, and he saw we meant business. There were several guns drawn. Said he, "Hold on, gentlemen, I will bring out the fresh provisions," and he did so. That ended the row and we lived fine after that. Now, this ship we met was owned by a joint company of one hundred men, and they had on board one year's provisions and making all kinds of mining tools on board—picks, shovels, gold pans to wash gold with and other tools, etc., etc. When they got to San Francisco, they run their boat up to Sacramento and anchored her, then hired Geo. Evans of Defiance, to keep ship at \$150.00 per month, then all went into the mines. Our boat had been becalmed a good deal, not a bit of wind, laid there in the hot sun, up to 100 in the shade, then we went out within three day's sail of the Sandwich Islands, to get into the trade winds. They blow six months west then six months east, we got into a heavy fog that lasted

six days and the captain could not get the sun to take his reckoning or tell where he was, sailing along about seven miles an hour, and all to once it got black ahead and the lookout cried "Land ahoy." They just had time to turn the boat, from running ashore on a big mountain right in woods. Then we run off and on until we got the sun. Then the captain found he was 600 miles beyond the Golden Gate that enters the river that runs up to San Francisco. We had to run back—was thirty-six days making the trip. The trip before the boat made in twenty-six days. The boat we met got in ten days before we did. Our barometer was wrong. Then we anchored in the bay. A man came alongside. Said I, what will you charge to take two of us ashore. Five dollars. All right. We were glad to get ashore. Then we walked around a good deal and our ankles, feet and legs began to swell up, and we got so we could not walk at all. When we got over the foot rot, we had to go to work, as our finances were getting short. We walked up Dupont street, came to where a big lot of men were digging a cellar. I found the boss, asked him if he wanted any more men. Said yes. What do you pay a day? \$16. And I said, and board? Not much, he said. Said I, what will we do about board. Said he would fix that. Went into a big eating house, told the landlord he would be good for our board until Saturday night. Then I asked him what he charged a week. \$32.00, he said. Then we could make \$64 a week. Each of us took a wheelbarrow and went to work; worked there till we made \$300.00, then I was taken with the double breasted diarrhoea and had to quit work. Then I went to the Adobe hotel, kept by Gildersleve, of Buffalo. He is the first man that walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours. I saw him run a 20 mile race at

Mishion Delores for \$10,000. He won the money. He was a terror. There I got acquainted with Subtits, the sheriff. He wanted me to sit on the jury. Said I, I can't go and told him the reason. He said, come on, the trial lasted three hours. They paid me \$16. Said I, that is good enough for a sick man. I was not able to work. They had six jurymen instead of twelve. I sat one day on two cases, \$32. Every time the sheriff wanted a jurymen he would come for me. I made \$700.00 in seven months, sitting on the jury—pretty good for a sick man. Most of these cases was against the steamship company for cruelty to sailors and passengers. We decided against the company every time, eight or ten cases. Every time a ship came in the sheriff attached a vessel loaded for Sacramento, put me aboard as deputy sheriff. I was aboard ten days at \$16 a day, \$160. Then I went to the mines and stayed until I came home in June, 1864. The summer of '52 I sold goods and provisions on Querman bar. I named this bar myself. It goes by that name today on the Middle Yuba river.

I had a partner by name, W. B. Furman, from South Carolina. We sold twenty-five thousand dollars worth of goods in six months and flumed the Yuba river three hundred yards or fifteen hundred feet with three inch pine plank sawed by whip saw. One man on top the log and one man under the log and hired twelve men all summer round at \$16 a day and board—cost about \$20 a day for each man. We put our flume up, then built a big dam and run the river through the flume. Had to have a tin pump thirty-five feet long to pump the water out, and a big wheel in the flume. Had to have the pump packed on men's shoulders thirty-five miles. When we got the river run-

ning the flume, we found the big rock smooth and no dirt or crevices in it. Millions of gold had run over it.

Five men took up a claim just below ours. They asked me if I "had any objections to putting the end of their flume into ours," which saved them from building a big dam. I said: No, go ahead, but I told them they ought to give me an interest in their claim, and I will hire a man to work my interest. They would have done it freely, but they found crevices running across their claim full of gold. They took out sixty-two thousand dollars of the prettiest gold I ever saw, and we lost twenty-five thousand dollars right above them. There is luck in mining and you don't know where it is until you find it. This mining is all a regular lottery, and you are not sure of it until you get it in your buckskin bag. I took one Sunday for provisions, mining tools, etc., etc., fifteen hundred dollars in gold dust. We doubled on everything we sold. Sold flour at \$2.00 a pound. I put it down to \$1.50. I sold thousands of can fruit of all kinds at \$1.00 a can. Sold as fine peaches and cream as you could get in Boston or New York. It is what the old Dutchman calls one per cent, which cost \$1.00, sold it for \$2.00. We had eight pack mules and I could sell the goods as fast as they could get them there. Furman bought the goods and went with the train, and I sold them. Had to pack them thirty-five miles, and seven miles over a big mountain three miles high, where they came down to the Yuba river. Seven miles from the river we built a two story log house, called "Snowtent Tavern." It cost a man and mule \$5 to stay all night, and had a good deal of travel to Fremont's quartz mine. No water on one side for fifteen miles and seven miles to the Yuba river, and there was the grandest spring I ever saw. The



water boiled up as big as my body, run ten feet then out of sight in the ground. We built a wagon road to Snowtent over a big mountain, costing us \$800.00. It never paid us, could have packed over it just as well. Furman and McKnight had a letter express of 600 names. Every steamer that came in, our agent went down and stayed until he went through his list. We got \$250 for every letter we got—paid big.

I have walked over a crevice more than five hundred times, where we crossed the Yuba, when the water was low. A drunken fellow by name of Klegg found a crevice in the ground in which five men took sixty thousand dollars out in a short time. I went up there one day to see them work and every time they stuck the pick in I saw the yellow chunks roll up, but it run in there like cement and very hard to pick fine gravel and stone. They dug me up a pan and I washed \$315.00 to the pan. I asked Klegg why he was such a drunken cuss there. Said he was a preacher in Ohio. He said he was on a furlough there. He finally got shot on the bar after I left.

One winter five of us had dirt thrown up in dry diggins waiting for rainy season to wash it out, three miles from Bear river. It would prospect 50¢ to the pan. Had no rain that winter and we went away and left it. While there I went out prospecting alone and I carried a bag of dirt to Bear river and washed out of that pan or dirt three diamonds. I said nothing but washed several more pans out but did not find any more diamonds. I never told where it was. There is more diamonds in that gulch—one was worth \$12, the other two were smaller. The jeweler said they were pure. I gave them to one of the company to carry in his pocketbook, he went down

to Sacramento and never came back, neither did my diamonds. I would not have taken \$50 for them.

While on German Bar there was a company of ten men. Had a rich claim. Each man had his own buckskin bag and they carried these ten bags in a flour sack to their work. About three miles from the bar they wanted to leave their flour sack with me. I told them I had no place to keep it. They left it one morning. I threw it under my bed among pots and kettles. They did not call for it that night, and when everything was still and all gone to bed. I had two blankets hung up for a door I let them down and dug a hole about three feet, put their bag in the hole and covered it up, then swept the dust over it. The next day they asked me where their bag of gold was. I told them it was buried and they could not find it. They said all right. Every time they came in the store they walked right over it. It was there three months. They came in one day and wanted their bag. Said I, take a pick and dig down there and you will find it. Old Kit Carson was on the bar that summer, came there with his boys, but not to work. He was over 80 then: I think he was one of the finest old gentlemen I ever saw.

Most of the miners took their dinner with them and we would be alone all day. Kit would come in the store and talk by the hour and tell me about his great exploits and Indian fights he had gone through. Told me how he shot twenty Indians once. Said he got in among the rocks where they could not get an arrow to hit him, and he loaded and shot till he killed them all. He was the greatest plainsman, scout and Indian fighter of his day, or any other man's day. His talk was very interesting to me. He and I got to be warm friends that summer. He has long since departed. I have got his

receipt signed by F. & McK. for \$101.00 he wanted us to take. I voted for young Kit Carson for sheriff of San Francisco in '49 and '50. He beat a big gambler there ten to one. It was said the gambler had one hundred thousand dollars bet on his own head, but he could not beat the young pathfinder.

While I was in San Francisco I joined the great vigilance committee, and the first good work we did was to hang three of the worst robbers and murderers in that country on one pole stuck out of an adobe window on the Square, and we kept hanging them all over the mines. Hang for stealing as quick as for murder, and the mines were full of vigilance committees all over the country; broke up stealing and the best law they ever had in the state, all say. But when they got judges and lawyers and courts they could steal and murder and get clear if they had money enough to buy them up. San Francisco was the fastest city in the world and the biggest gambling place ever known for five years, and the gamblers and their women ruled the country, but after that the things changed. I could tell you of hundreds of shooting matches I have seen, but will pass them by for the present.

Now I will give you my mammoth squash story, which I tell for the truth, but some might doubt it. On one occasion I went down to the city to bring goods part of the way by stage and part of the way by steam boat and the balance on horse back. I went back another route. I came to the Stanislaw river, 150 feet wide and 100 feet deep there. I rode to a ferry boat, got off and hitched my horse and began to look at the boat. I asked the captain what kind of a boat that was. Said he growed it. Do you see that house up there; that was the other half of the boat. Said it was a mammoth

squash sawed into endways and the guts dug out, made this boat and house. Pretty soon my two six mule teams drove on and we went across all right. Said I, have you got any seeds of this squash. He gave me five. I gave my drivers three of them, told him to take them to camp and not lose them. He slept under his wagon at night and these seeds got out of his pocket on the ground and commenced to grow, and in a short time he was all done up in the vines. Said he felt a jorking all night, but was tired and did not wake up. Next morning he woke up and found he was all done up in squash vines and was 80 rods from his wagon. Two men came along with corn cutters and they cut him out. He followed the vine back and every five or six rods would see a squash as big as a bushel basket. He hitched up and drove on. The captain was a Missourian, with butternut clothes. I took the other seeds home and planted them on McKnight's Island, on the Maumee river. The vines began to grow and the squash began to form. The vines grew so fast and dragging the squash over the rough ground was wearing the vine out. I had to get sole leather and half sole them. That is the way they will have to serve Bryan if he ever runs again for President. The vine is getting thin.

Tall corn. While in the Sacramento Valley in '51, I saw giant corn that measured twenty-five feet by tape line. I saw it measured. Each stalk had on three ears of corn three feet long and sixteen feet from the ground, and each stalk had a Mexican gourd; grew in the tassel, that had one peck of shelled corn in it. How did they harvest that corn? Easiest thing in the world. They took a small-sized portable saw mill into the field and straddled two rows and sawed it down

six inches from the ground. Said he, here is my hat. Don't want your hat. Next.

There are receipts in this book that cost \$25 and \$50; every farmer or farmers' wives ought to have one if they have not got them. I will sell for \$2.50. I can put down eggs that will keep fresh six, nine or twelve months as when laid, and very easy and simple and no humbug. I put down six hundred dozen one fall and sold them in Toledo in January and February, at 45c per dozen and made \$240.00 on them.

I make and sell the great California Pile Salve, the best on the market. I have cured people that the Pyramid and all other kinds of salve failed to cure. It was made by an expert Indian doctor that lived in the Rocky mountains for years and made from roots that grows there, but in no other country. It will cure any sores on man or beast. It will cure a cut, bruise or sprain quicker than anything you can put on it. It will cure the piles on any man, women or child or any other sore. I have cured bad fever sores with it. The receipt to make it has been sold for \$75 years ago. I will sell the same receipt for \$2.50. You can get the medicine at any drug store, and it is very simple.

It is made from mutton tallow and sweet oil and something else. With the receipt a man or woman can set down and make \$10 worth in less than an hour. I have sold the same receipt for \$5 and \$10, where they did not live here. Don't care about selling many in Lucas or Wood counties. It is no humbug or patent medicine, but a sure cure. Can send it by letter any place in U. S. for \$1, 50c and 25c.

Old Pioneer relates history. Interesting facts pertaining to pioneer days of the Maumee Valley, told by Captain Mc-

Knight, the oldest pioneer as to residence, of the Maumee valley. An interesting personage. Captain G. S. McKnight, of Perrysburg, the oldest inhabitant as to residence of the Maumee valley was the guest of his cousin, L. E. Webb, of Maumee, on last Saturday and gave the representative of the Maumee Herald some interesting facts relating to the pioneer days of the Maumee Valley. Captain McKnight was born August 3, 1819, at Wooster, O., and was brought to Perrysburg by his father, T. R. McKnight when he was five months old and has resided here 84 years. He is probably the oldest Odd Fellow in Wood county, having joined the lodge in Perrysburg in 1847. He is also President of the Old Original Pioneer Association. His father built the first two-story log house in Perrysburg and also had the distinction of being the first clerk in Wood county. The first court ever held in Wood county was held in Maumee in 1822, at Allen Gibbs' house, in a second story on Water street, opposite Fort Meigs, which is still standing, and owned by Mrs. Josephine Scott, and is also quite a relic, and near the old elm tree that Harrison shot the Indian out of.

From Fort Meigs, so it is said, at that time, Wood county embraced four or five northwestern counties of today, including Lucas, Henry, Williams, Fulton, Defiance, and Findlay, in Hancock county, was a precinct of Wood. In 1823 it was divided. My ideas were Wood county must have been a map worn and run all over the northwestern part of the state of Ohio. John Webb, an uncle of Captain McKnight, was the first sheriff of Wood county, and hung the first man in Wood county—John Porter, for shooting Richardson at Rushtaboo, one mile above Waterville, the first man hung

in the Maumee valley, and he ought not to have been hung. He could have got out of jail. He said he had killed a man and was willing to be hung for it. People came fifty miles in ox carts to witness that hanging. The street was crowded from the jail to the gallows—one mile. He was hung on the flats at Fort Meigs, on crooked creek. Porter rode in a one-horse wagon, and setting on his coffin at the head of the crowd. His son was here to visit him three months before he was hung. A splendid looking man. He was in jail one year before he was hung. The Sunday school class used to go over to the jail every Sunday and he would talk to us and we would all kneel down and he would pray for us. He got very religious before he was hung and died a good Christian and went to Heaven, where sin and suffering is no more. Webb, the sheriff, hated to hang him. He struck three times at the rope before he hit it with a hatchet.

An Indian love romance, that transpired on the banks of the Maumee away back in the 20's, when I was yet a little boy. It took place on McKnight Island, located in the Maumee river, just under the vine-clad hills at Perrysburg, on South Shore. It is relative to the great war chief, Pottawatamie. He camped for years on this island with his tribe of Indians and warriors. The chief had but one daughter. She was beautiful to behold. She had a tall and slender waist and a dark and rolling eye. There was grace in her step and Heaven in her eye. Her name was Star Eye. She was queen of the tribe. Star Eye was in love with two Indian war chiefs. One was Sanwankine, of the far western plains; the other was Sanjosinto, or Red Jacket.

From the Mohawk valley, in eastern New York, these two lovers met on several occasions, to sue for the hand of Star Eye, but they found that true love did not run smoothly between them and at their last meeting they agreed that on a certain day and a certain hour in the day, they would meet near the shore of this island in birch bark canoes and fight with knives for the hand and heart of Star Eye. They met according to agreement and they fought a terrible battle. They fought to the death and both were killed. They got their bodies out of the water and rolled them up in their red blankets and buried them both in one grave on the island. Star Eye and the rest of the tribe stood on the shore and witnessed this terrible battle. Star Eye was very much excited and grieved over the death of Sanjosinto, for she loved him dearly, and after a time she pined away and died of love. They buried her by the light of the moon while singing the sweet bye and bye. Still my fancy can discover sunny spots where friends may dwell. Isle of beauty fare thee well. She has crossed the deep Danube and landed on the golden shore of that far off and unknown land where saints and angels dwell. She now sits in that grand Circle at the right hand of God as queen of the wild red man's tribe. They buried her near the water's edge, where the Egyptian Lotus grew, and they bowed their beautiful lilies over her grave as though weeping for the departed one. She now sleeps in the cold, cold ground, but at the last day when the bugle will sound, she will come forth bright as a shining noon-day's sun with her chief lovers on either side, and they will stand before their God to be judged according to the deeds done in their body.

This romance was composed and written up a few years



ago by the oldest pioneer (as to residence) now living in the Maumee valley. Yours, OMEGO.

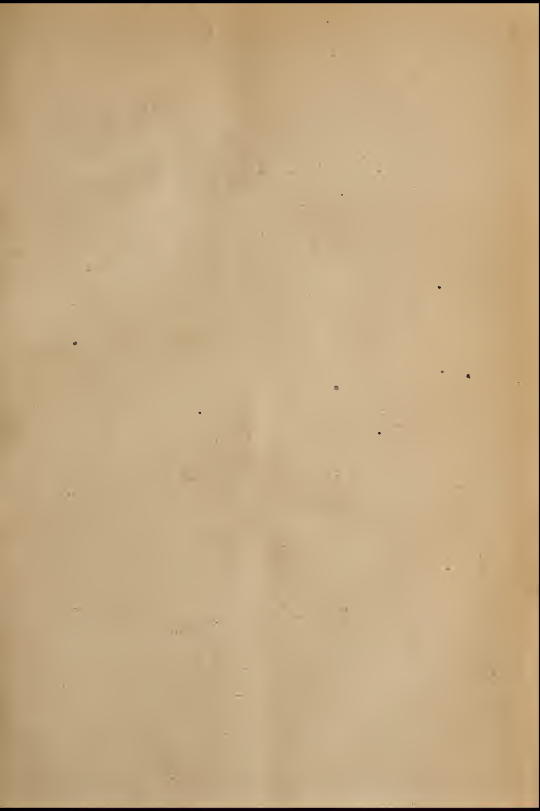
I landed on the historic shores of the Maumee at Fort Meigs 84 years ago, and I came on the ice, in a sleigh (winter of 1820.)

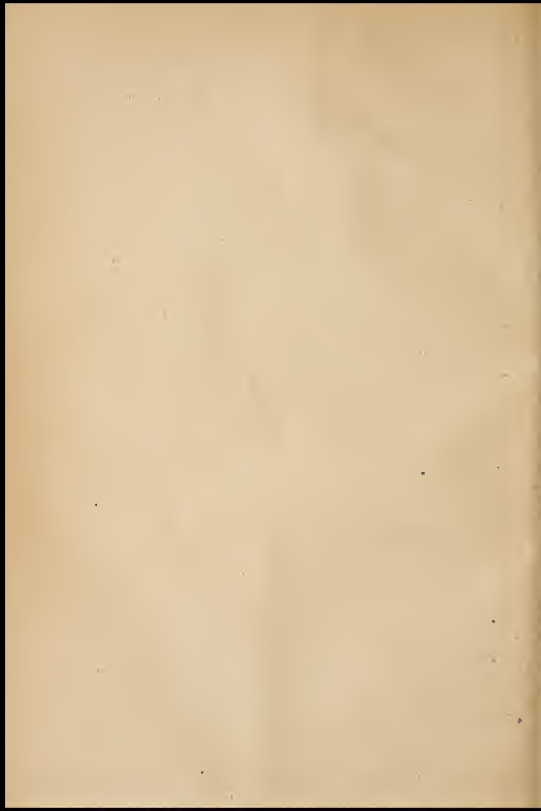
California against the world for raising big vegetables. In the summer of '51 I knew a farmer that raised ten acres of tomatoes in the Sacramento valley. He sold them at one dollar a pound and cleared ten thousand dollars on the patch adjoining this lot. He raised ten acres of beets, some as big as a peck measure, and some as big as a two-bushel basket, at one dollar a pound. He realized ten thousand on that field. I have been on the ranch and saw both crops. There was one beet that grew so big he could not dig it up, nor pull it with a stump puller. He let that stand when he got the crop off. He turned one hundred sheep in the lot, and on this big beet and near the ground there was a knot-hole, and the sheep knawed that through and the stump was all hollow. One day there was a big storm they called northers, blowed a perfect gale, and the rain came down in sheets of water; the one hundred sheep went inside of that beet, and remained until the storm was over, then came out dry-footed. Next. On my trip to the Trinity river, five hundred miles north, and within seventy-five miles of Oregon, I came across a farmer selling onions. I picked out an onion. Said I, what is that worth. He weighed it and said six dollars. I took the onion. I had onion for one month for lunch. Two men killed a grizzly on the Sacramento river, weighed 1,400 pounds. Sold the meat for one dollar a pound. Yours as ever,

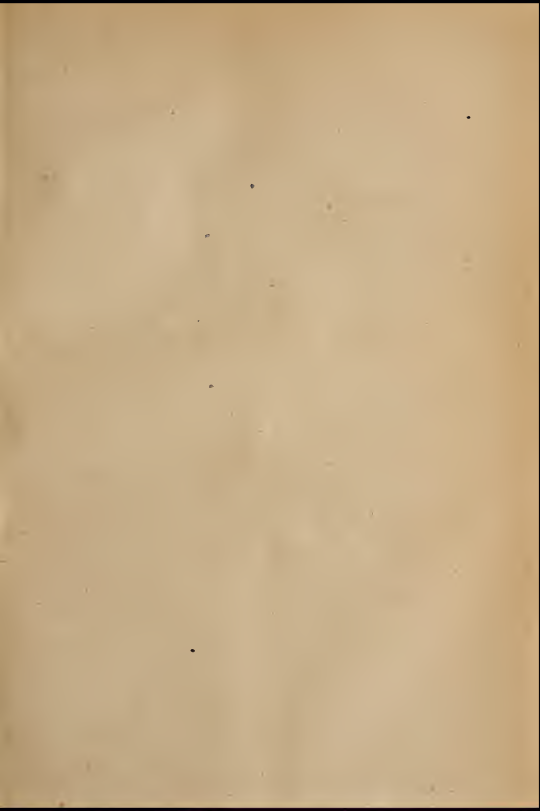
OMEGO.

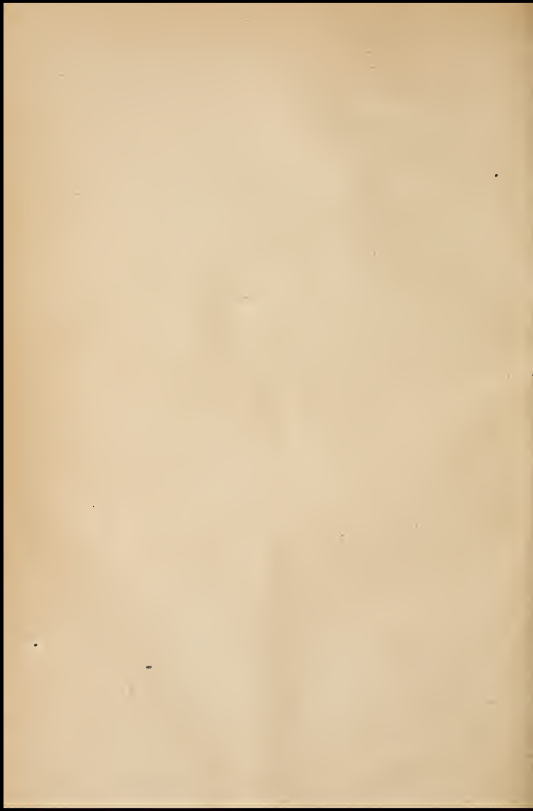


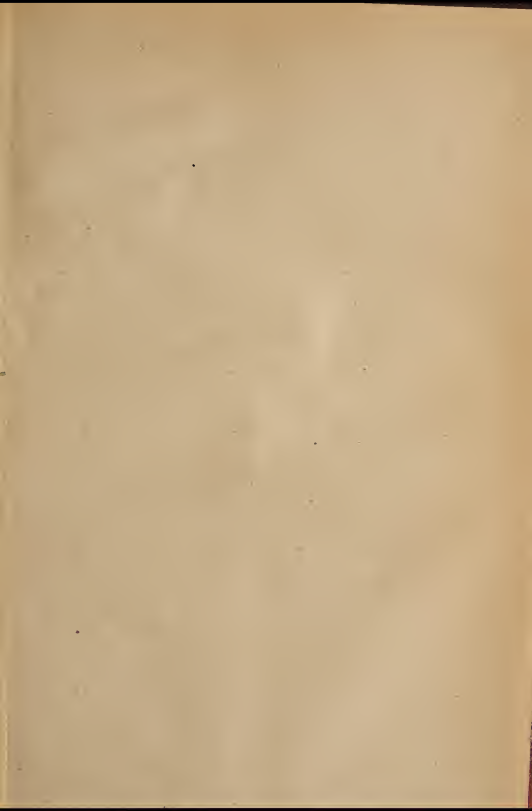
IN OUR EARLY CALIFORNIA DAYS.

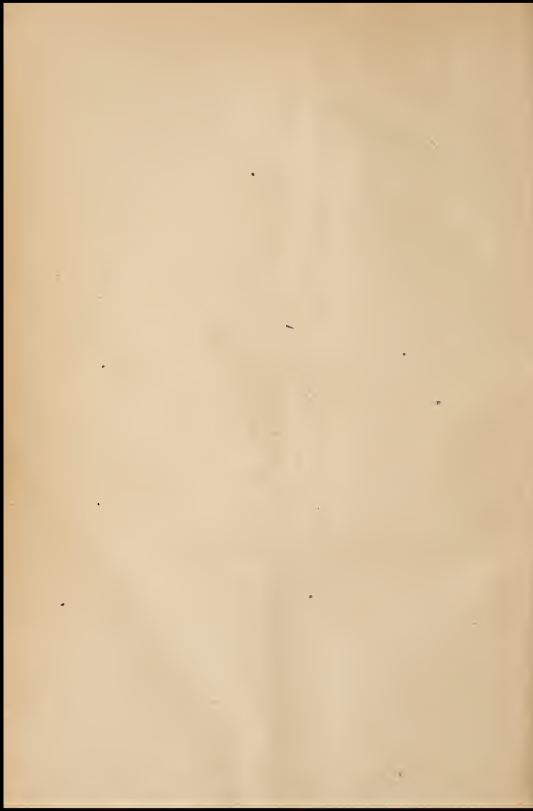








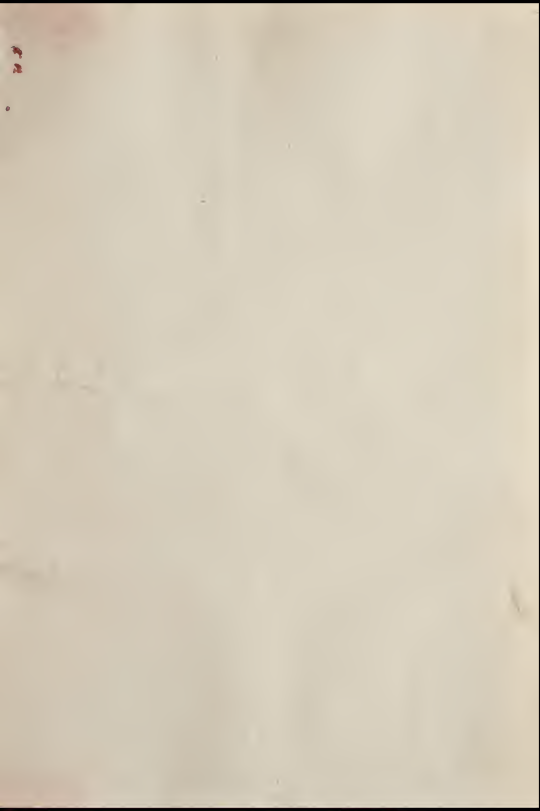














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